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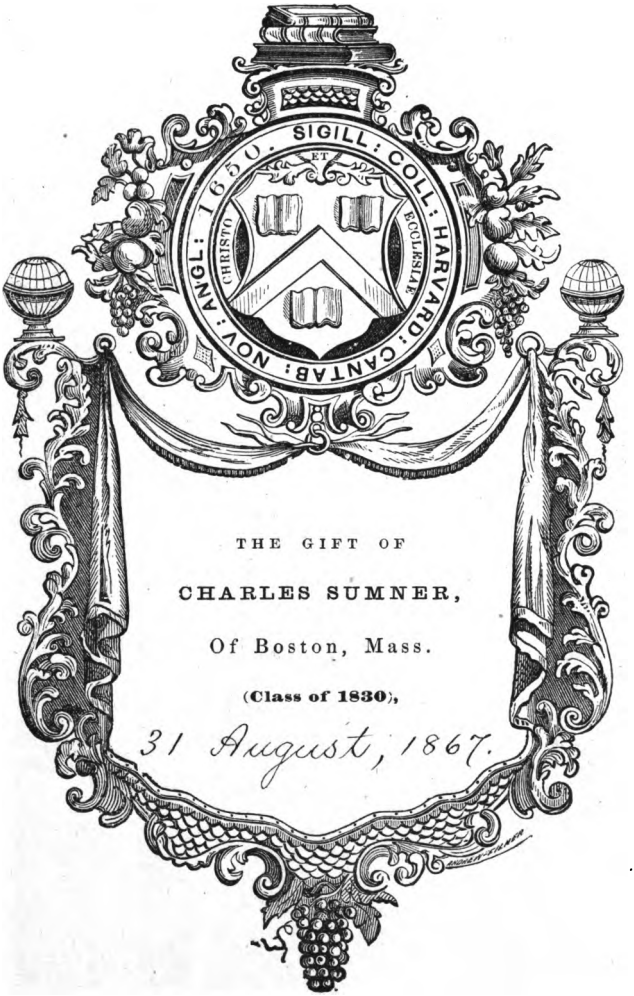

THE GIFT OF

CHARLES SUMNER,

Of Boston, Mass.

(Class of 1830),

31 August, 1867.

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The National Cause: Its Sanctity and Grandeur.

ORATION

BY

REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER,

CHAPLAIN 40th U. S. I.

DELIVERED AT

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA,

ON JULY 4TH, 1867.

RALEIGH:

BRANSON, FARRAR & COMPANY.

1867.

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(P. C. 1830)

NICHOLS, GORMAN & NEATHERY, PRINTERS, RALEIGH, N. C.

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TO

THE ILLUSTRIOUS MEMORY

OF

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Esq.,

"FLOWER OF CAVALIERS,"

THIS ORATION

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

HIS FRIEND AND COUNTRYMAN,

ONE WHO LOVED HIM LIVING,
AND MOURNS HIM DEAD.

GEORGE W. PEPPER.

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ORATION.

MY COUNTRYMEN :

This is indeed a brilliant and beautiful scene. This is a propitious and consecrated day. The Summer sun in its journey to the west looks on no more impressive sight; on no grander spectacle. Why have assembled here in the shadow of these stately oaks, gallant men and fair women—the hope and struggle, the glory and the joy of life? Should a stranger viewing this grand assemblage ask, why is all this enthusiasm? Why these splendid banners floating in the breeze? We would tell him that the loyal masses of North Carolina were met to celebrate the most august event which ever constituted an epoch in the political annals of mankind; not to celebrate the birth-day of a despot, but the birth-day of a great nation. No thunder of cannon, no roll of drums, no blare of trumpets, no empty pageant of regal grandeur, summons us hither. How simple, how sacred, how sublime is the occasion of our meeting! The impressive prayer that the God of our fathers would be with us—the public reading of the great charter, the Declaration of Independence, which has given a radiant immortality to the day—the enthusiasm of this vast multitude—the inspirin strains of patriotic music—the presence of gallant men and women; all these delightful surroundings combine to clothe this anniversary with grace and splendor.

All over the earth to-day, over the North and South, on mountains and on plains, among the poor and the rich, the natives of Columbia and the friends of liberty hang out their banners—the stars and stripes—hold high festival and renew their recollections of the land of WASHINGTON, now made doubly dear and sacred to them, because it is the resting place of the great and good ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Good

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man, he now sleeps in the grandeur of eternal peace. Honor to his beautiful memory! Americans every where at this hour are celebrating amid the roar of cannon, and the pealing of Cathedral bells, not only the deeds of our Revolutionary fathers but the greater glories of the last few years. By the St. Lawrence, by the Hudson, by the Thames, by the Mississippi, by the Ganges, by the Nile, by the golden shores of the Bosphorus—as well as on the banks of the Liffey, the Shannon, the Barrow and the Suir—there is good cheer to-day, a feast of reason and a flow of soul—one voice and one heart animate the citizens of this bounteous land. This is the holiday of the whole nation. We find monumental structures raised to enliven the patriotic virtues of nations. The patriarchal pillars of stone, and the Pythean, Nemean, Isthemean and Olympic Games were institutions of this character. The various feasts of the Jews were the evidences of this principle. To those established by God they added a feast of the dedication of the Temple and also the feast of Purim, to commemorate their wonderful deliverances. Mark, too, the Heaven-ordained ordinances of the Israelitish Passover and the Christian Eucharist! Like a blazing line of fire, they perpetuate through all time the infinite condescension of God. And so it is in regard to this festive, joyful, glorious day. The 4th of July, 1861, beheld the hardy sons of the North and South brightening their armor for the combat. Their battle-ground was a continent, their audience was the world. The 4th of July, 1862, found the North in mourning over the slain of the Chicahominy, the South rejoicing in success. The 4th of July, 1863, and the North had shattered into atoms the legions of the South at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. On the Nation's birth day, 1864, both sections were ready for the final struggle. Ere another anniversary, the North is victorious, the South is vanquished, Democracy and freedom have triumphed, rebellion and slavery have died.

I need not review the struggle which preceded and suc-

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ceeded the Declaration of Independence. Your own minds are familiar with the terrible privations of the revolutionary soldiers, who amid the snows of Virginia winters, amid the deadly malaria of the Carolina swamps, amid the bleak winds that sweep our ocean shore, amid the deadly heats of the Mississippi, confronted the mercenary men, butchers of Brunswick, and the ingenious masters of the scalping knife and tomahawk from the banks of the St. Lawrence.

See these undaunted patriots in their obscure caucus gatherings, in their town meetings, in their provincial assemblies, in their continental Congress, breathing defiance to the British Parliament and the British throne, marching with their raw militia to the conflict with the trained veterans of the seven years war. Witness there a group of Colonies, extemporised into a Confedaracy, entering with a calm self-possession into alliance with the oldest monarchy of Europe, occupying as they did a narrow belt of territory along the coast, thinly peopled, partially cleared, hemmed in by the native savages, by the Alleghanies, by the Ohio and the Lakes behind them, dilating with the grandeur of the position, radiant in the prospective glories of their career. Contemplate this, as Everett truly says, and you will acknowledge the men of seventy-six to have been the noblest men of progress the world has ever seen.

We commemorate, in the first place, the greatness of our physical and territorial advantages. In the performance of this sacred duty we have an illustrious model, for we find that Moses when viewing the promised land, described it as a good land, a land of brooks, of depths, that spring out of vallies and hills, a land of oil, olive and honey. Israel is compared to a valley full of fertility, and watered by unfailing streams—to a garden by the side of rivers, covered with beauty and luxuriance, and sustained in perpetual fertility, a forest in which the trees are planted by God—to the lion which even cunning no hunter can approach, but which terrifies the forest. All of which images, though they may not affect us, yet to the Eastern imagina-

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tion unquestionably conveyed ideas of exquisite loveliness, the most extraordinary power and the most singular fertility. In like manner, we American citizens might speak of the peerless position, of the rich variety of plain, hill and dale—of our productions, so varied, so abundant, so valuable; of our lakes, rivers, mountains prairies; of our cities, in wealth, population and in magnificence rivalling the oldest in the world. Where throughout the wide extended globe is there a country more blessed by all the gifts of nature than our own? Columbia is a grand and beautiful country—a land of unexampled fertility—traversed with wonder by the stranger who sees tract after tract of cultivated ground like one vast garden, courting his gaze in every direction. The emigrations to the United States are without parallel in the history of the world. From every nation they are flocking to the West, they come,

> "As the winds come, when forests are rended,
> They come as the waves come when navies are stranded."

If the ratios of our past increase can be relied on, the population of the country will be in 1930, more than one hundred millions. A step further in the calculation presents a prospect still more sublime and wonderful, 1960, this mighty mass of commingled races will have swollen to the stupendous aggregate of two hundred and fifty millions—one-fourth the present population of all the earth. Where is that prodigious increase of numbers, this vast extension of emigration to end? Where will its mighty boundaries terminate? They will crowd each hemisphere, they will spurn both tropics. Its watch towers will shine on every shore, and be reflected back from every deep. Nature has set no bounds to the round growth of this mighty Republic. A new world swelling upwards, cradling all the arts of life, and inviting rapid immigrations. Our's is, indeed, a wonderful country—vast in the immense extent of its territory—vast in the magnificent scale and grandeur of its scenery—vast in the unparalleled riches of mineral resources—vast in its majestic rivers and lofty mountains.

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We realize on an extraordinary scale the splendid description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles:

> "Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round,
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll
> And beat the buckler's verge and bound the whole."

There may be other countries where more of physical beauty and variety charms the eye than in America: where less of variableness and gloom marks the atmosphere; where softer gales fan, and sweeter flowers perfume; where more enamelled meads display themselves, and more melodious waterfalls murmur on the ear; where more of the luxuriance of nature is blended with a greater triumph of art, and where more glorious skies and constant weather bestow elasticity and health to the human frame, and there may be lands where the stream of philosophy has a wider sweep and deeper flow; where learning finds more devoted adherents, and where liberty, at least in theory, is more highly prized; but there is no other land, in either hemisphere, which, on the whole, can vie with Columbia. She stands, as she has long stood, the fairest form of government ever known on earth.

We commemorate also to-day the civil and religious liberty so largely enjoyed by the American people. There are two different and somewhat inconsistent notions of liberty prevailing in the world, of which one is of Greek and the other Teutonic origin. According to the first, liberty consists in a share in the government, while the government itself demands from the individual the most implicit obedience to its laws; in fact, according to this theory, the subject was absorbed in the State. The working out of this principle in its extreme results has been seen in Sparta and in the ancient Greek and Italian Republics. This notion was carried into Gaul by the Roman Colonies, and enters largely into that French idea of liberty, which is connected with submission to an absolute Emperor. The Teutonic idea of liberty, on the other hand, was that of freedom in individual action. That is the best government, according to this idea, which governs the least. It was this idea of liberty which

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inspired our patriotic fathers to raise the standard of revolt, and enabled them successfully to defy the licentious legions of England. Liberty is then the power of acting according to our own will, and on our own convictions, in any manner not inconsistent with the interests and well-being of the community to which we belong, without hindrance and without injury either from the public laws or from the passions of individual men. The history of the race presents but one long record of efforts to secure this priceless and splendid boon. It is the darling theme of every free-born man. To procure it thousands have died on the battle-fields; to maintain and preserve it, thousands more have bled upon the scaffold.

The watchword, freedom endangered, inspires heroism in every heart; nerves every patriot to gird himself for the battle, and causes every height to flame with its beacon fires. The most brilliant epochs of nations are the heroic struggles in behalf of civil and religious liberty. The grandest efforts of mind, the noblest achievements of arms, the most sublime ministrations of charity that have adorned and illustrated the history of our race, have all sprung from this principle. Liberty is the very fairest flower that can grow upon the soil of nations.

Columbia's greatest glory does not consist in her political economy; in the number of her ships floating on the ocean; her greatest glory is civil and religious liberty. It is our inheritance to an extent and with a security which we believe to be utterly unparalleled in the history of former times. The heresy of secession which sought to overturn this liberty is the adversary of God and of man; the murderer of all virtue; the parent and nurse of impurity and vice, the progress of which can only be traced in pollution and blood, and the triumph of which can be celebrated only over the utter wreck and ruin of all that is dear and dignified and holy, alike in the life that now is, and also in the life that is to come. If the legal right of secession had existed, it was a crime, morally, to have exerted it at such a time. Our national prosperity exceeded that of any other

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people. What a grand spectacle did we present to the nations; a great people, governing themselves by their own laws; increasing in all the elements of national grandeur. How remarkable was the character of our government then when compared with the most enlightened countries of Europe. Take, for example, England. This government is said to be the most advanced in civilization of any of the monarchies.

Facts are more valuable than arguments:

United States, the supreme power in a Constitution clearly defined by a written instrument; England, the supreme power in a Queen, Lords and Commons, defined by the laws of Parliament; United States, the Executive power in a President, elected every four years, having a salary of $25,000; England, the King or Queen, hereditary, with an annual salary of $3,500,000; United States, Senators chosen every six years by the States from the masses of the citizens; England, House of Lords, composed of the heriditary nobility, appointed by the sovereign; United States, Representatives elected every two years, directly by the people; England, House of Commons, elected during the sovereign's pleasure by privileged boroughs; United States, the Church distinct from the States and wholly dependent upon the voluntary support of the people; England, the Church incorporated with the State, independent of the voluntary support of the people, and the clergy enjoying revenues varying from 150 to $150,000 each annually; United States, the municipal laws of the country enacted by State Legislatures, entirely distinct from the general government, the members of which are chosen by the people, according to State Constitutions; England, the municipal as well as other laws are enacted by the Parliament, in which the people are only partially represented; United States, all the people on an equality, in regard to power, privileges and distinction; England, the Executive and Senators irresponsible to the people, having interests adverse to them; United States, the Executive, Senators and Representatives responsible to the people from whom they are taken, and to whom they

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speedily return, and with whom they have an identity of interest; United States, the income of the people free from compulsory taxation for religion; England, the income of the people taxed for the support of that gigantic swindle, the Established Church; United States, land and wealth generally equally distributed amongst all classes, and no law to perpetuate them in the hands of a few; England, land and wealth generally confined to the aristocrisy, and laws made to perpetuate them in the hands of a few families; United States, a tendency on the part of the government to place every man on the same level; England, a tendency of the government to make distinctions among the people, and to separate class from class, and laws enacted to maintain such distinctions.

Taxation in England on every article, is fourteen times as heavy, and on many enormously higher than in the United States.

It is no vain or arrogant boast which assigns to Columbia the first rank amidst States and Empires. I love this government. I love it in its origin. I love it in its supremacy. I love it in its individuality. I love it in its personal power. I love it in its determination and will. It seems to me to have gathered the gems from all regions to make this new, last crown of a great Republic. One of the greatest difficulties in other nations is found in the impediments to the general diffusion of knowledge. Education here is free. In the United States there are over two hundred Colleges, from which issue 4,000 students annually. The annual expenses for instruction, including board, is $150 yearly. In England there are few Colleges, in which the expenses average $800 per annum. The people of this country voluntarily spend forty million of dollars to sustain education and religion. We publish 1,900 newspapers—more than 150 daily. The number of newspapers and periodicals published in this country exceed the number published in all Europe, which, in proportion to the population, gives the people of the United States an advantage of thirteen to one. Let the stranger appear when he may in all this land, he will never get beyond the pale of rational information.

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We commemorate, also, the grand patriotism of the loyal people of the North and South.

The American heart goes out with the rapturous language of the Scottish bard:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land."

Columbia, the fairest and youngest member of the great family of nations, seemed dying. The Kings were rejoicing over the prospective downfall of their only rival, and the brilliant pen of Bulwer, deeply dipped in gall, was recording the failure of the great Democratic nation. But, blessed be God, the stalwart, young Empire did not die. The trumpet sounded, and a wild an unprecedented feeling of patriotism dashed through the masses of the people, which nothing could stop. The force of that sublime enthusiasm nothing could measure.

Hark! what wild shriek pierces the fitful blast! It is the mighty struggle of an outraged people, hastening to avenge the shot aimed at the nation's life. The blood of Massachusetts soldiers on the streets of Baltimore, sends up the first wail of freedom's martyrs. From the old Bay State, from ship-building Maine, from the green mountains of Vermont, from Rhode Island, small but comely, from New York, from Ohio, from Pennsylvania, brave thousands rush to the defence of the starry flag of liberation. The nation rose up as one man. The husband left his wife; delicate maidens, in their flushed and exulting beauty, bade their brothers grasp the gleaming steel. Soldiers enlisted for the war, and parents consecrated their children on the altars of liberty.

"Throughout the land there went a cry,
A sudden splendor fills the sky;
From every hill the banners burst,
Like buds from April breezes nurst.
In every hamlet, home and mart,
The fire beat of a single heart,
Keeps time to strains whose pulses mix
Our blood with that of seventy-six."

This glorious patriotism of the people was the sublimest passage in our history. Sight unseen before, more than a half million men, standing to arms for an undivided nation-

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ality. Those splendid battalions marched to no impudent Dixie, but planted their measured tread to the music of the Union, as it swelled forth in the grand measure of hail Columbia, or waved in the flowing strain of the Star Spangled Banner, or accelerated the double quick with the nervous thrill of ancient and homely Yankee Doodle.

The fidelity to the flag of the loyal men of the South, is worthy of all praise and commendation. I never meet these patriotic heroes but with a brother's heart. Prominent leaders of the foul rebellion tell us that those Unionists were the scum of the country, and that they were recreants to the South. If recreant to the South they were true to the Union. What care these devoted men and women for the flippant assaults of miserable ingrates who would wade through slaughter to a throne? The elements of the Union party of the South were industry, patriotism, and heroism. This gallant party moved under no alien or doubtful standard, but they followed the glorious flag of the Union, with its four and thirty flashing stars. These brave Unionists, in standing by the Union of the States, risked more than the loss of goods or political honors, for, sooner than raise their hands against the old government, they would have thought it happiness to die. Branded as confirmed traitors to the Confederacy, robbed and plundered of their property, and punished by the hired agents of the Davis despotism, yet they never blanched at danger, but were as true as steel, as constant as the sun in the discharge of every duty to the Republic. Driven from their quiet and peaceful homes, they fled to the mountains, and to the caves of the earth, saying, "Welcome confiscation, robbery, plunder, even death itself, but we will stand to the stars and stripes to the last drop of our blood, and to the last beat of our hearts. All hail to the loyal men and women of the South!" History, on her brightest page, will preserve and perpetuate their honored names.

I remember, when passing through your noble State, with Sherman's army, that I met a Union woman, who was true to the flag. She was connected with one of the leading

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families of the State. She did every thing in her power to prevent the secession of North Carolina, writing letters to prominent politicians, and using her personal influence to prevent the consummation of the horrible deed. She had always preserved the Stars and Stripes in her house, and when we reached her beautiful mansion, there was flying to the breeze the banner of beauty and glory. Howard's column halting, this devoted lady, going up to the flag of one of the regiments, knelt down, exclaiming: "*Flag of my fathers and of my country*, I bid you welcome, welcome," and she kissed it, and bathed it with her tears. Among the most conspicuous and honored Union men of North Carolina, stands the peerless name of W. W. Holden. Champion of the poor, true patriot, gallant man, faithful friend, in the name of the loyal millions I greet you. God bless these full souled Union men and women! They had abiding faith that the wicked rebellion would be utterly subdued, and that the Stars and Stripes would again wave in triumph over the land of Washington and Franklin. The valor and patriotism of the Greeks whose message to their enslaved country was, "Go tell the Spartans they are free, for we died to deliver them," has made Thermopylæ the sanctified shrine of patriotism, through all ages. The patriotism of the brave old Carthagenian, who hoary and worn-out in the service of his country, took his child to the temple, and on the altar made him swear eternal hostility to the enemies of his country. These are beautiful and thrilling evidences of heroism. If we look at the battle-fields of the Union, we behold all the traits of ancient valor repruduced in the grand army of the Republic.

What tongue can tell, what pen can record the heroism that has been displayed by the loyal soldiers of the North and of the South? A host of brave men, who left home and all the treasures of affection, ended their days by the sacrifice of their lives. Grandly and peacefully they sleep in their holy graves. May their memories be glorious, pious and immortal.

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They struggled, fell, and their life blood stained
The cruel Southerner's hand,
They clasped their country's flag and cried,
God and our native land.
Let Angels spread their wings above,
Let flowers forever bloom,
Let bays, green bays, spring forth to mark,
The martyrs sacred tomb.

Dead heroes, may the flowers of the Sunny South bloom over your graves—may they be of perpetual bloom and fragrance. First, be spring there—last, may summer linger. May no factious word be ever spoken over ground so holy. American, Teuton and Celt, in the honored graves in which they sleep—in one red burial blent—they are far above the arguments of the living crowd.

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

There is another element of our greatness, which we commemorate to-day. The number and variety of our great and good men. In the original settlement of this grand Commonwealth, God sifted three nations for seed to sow on the virgin soil. There were such men as the gallant Catholics of Maryland, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the steady and cautious Germans, and the fiery spirits of the Emerald Isle, whose love of liberty was kindled by the burning arguments of Grattan, of Curran, and of Robert Emmett. The iron Saxon, the chivalric Frenchman, the volatile Italian, the heroic Pole, and the impulsive hearted Celt, were all combined in the building up of this magnificent commonwealth.

No where on the page of history do we find such an assemblage of full souled men as those who laid the broad foundations of this Temple of Freedom, in the Western World. The councils of infant America present a brilliant array of talent, piety, and patriotism. There is Thomas Jefferson, the prophet and the guide of the Colonies. There is Franklin, the savan, who tamed the lightning of heaven and made the thunder sweet music. There were the Lafayettes, the Starkes, the Pulaskis, the Montgomerys, the Pinckneys, the Hancocks, the Carrols, and the Lees, illustrious statesmen and brilliant orators. There was John Adams, a Colossus in debate, and the noble Virginian, Patrick Henry,

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whose eloquence could even charm the serpents of despotism; Byron pronounced him the forest born Demosthenes of the new world. There, too, was the noblest Roman of them all, the illustrious Washington, whose fame, like the higher stars, shall shine forever. It has been beautifully said, that these were the men who graved the deep lines of the Revolution upon the tablet of the eighteenth century, and bade the clock of eternity pause, until they notched the century with the imperishable lines of a mighty destination. Around their brows the laurels cluster that belong to him, who hews an age into a shape of moral beauty, and fashions a huge fragment of time after the great models of eternity. To express the moral grandeur of these illustrious men a Phideas, a Praxiteles, and a Thorswalden might carve,—a Raphael, a David, and a West, might paint. But they only fashion block, and breathe beauty into tableaux, but the men of American Independence were the creators of an age. They rolled back the dial of the dark years and wound up destiny to a better course.

It was in 1848, when the brilliant constellation had passed its meridian in England, that Sidney Smith, in the pages of the Edinburgh *Review*, asked the question, "Who reads an American book, or looks at an American flag, or beholds an American statue? What does the world owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? Who drinks in American glasses, or eats from American plates, or wears American coats, or sleeps on American blankets?" It is not forty years since these sneering questions were flippantly propounded, and can we not now point to a galaxy of names whose light is as clear, as large, as bright, as strong, as any of those which shine in the firmament of English Literature?

In the field of illustrious lexicography the fame of Webster and Worcester more than rival that of Johnson, Walker, and Sheridan. In history Bancroft, Hildreth, Prescott, Motley, and Godwin equal Hume, Lingard and Macauley. By the side of her statesmen we may place Madison, Hamilton, Calhoun, Hayne, Clay, Seward, Sumner, Greely, Stevens, Lincoln.

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As lawyers our Marshall, Jay, Kent, Chase, and Story will compare with Boyle, Hooker and Blackstone. In the sciences we have a Sillman, a Hare, a Morse, and a Mitchell entitled to no ordinary level in the niche of fame. In the sublime field of oratory we can point to Webster, Prentiss, and Henry Clay—orators whose eloquence was like the tornado that sweeps the pine trees of a continent. During the last forty years we have achieved wonders in the arts and sciences.

Confining ourselves to that period we would ask our transatlantic critics where are the Grimkes, Emmetts, Bascoms, Maffitts, Stocktons, Channings, Tyngs, Beechers, Simpsons, Chapins? Where their authors, Bachs, Liebers, Fields, Morses, Agassis? Where their Whipples, Giles, Willises, Saxes, Reads, Careys, Longfellows, Holmes, Bryants, Irvings, Coopers? Where their Hughes, Purcells, Choates, Taylors, Everetts, Sumners, Chases, Fessendens, Banks, Trumbulls, Schencks, Wilsons, Binghams, Douglases, Langstons? Where their Greenoughs, Hosmers? In the arts of war, where are their Scotts, Grants, Shermans, Mowers, Coxes, Porters, McPhersons, Kearneys, Corcorans, Mulligans, McClellans, Howards, Rosecrans, Hazens, Hookers, Osterhauses, Farraguts, Logans, Butlers, Hallecks, Burnsides, Thomases, Meades, Sickles, Kilpatricks, or the young and brilliant Miles, than whom a more accomplished and gallant officer the regular army does not possess, and of whose services the most martial and imperial nation might well feel proud. Where a Stanton—the tireless, earnest, hopeful unconquerable organiser of victorious men, eager in sympathy for the right, nobly indignant at wrong, and full of inspiration? Where, during this forty years, is the boundless learning of Luther Martin? Where the silver voice and fervid genius of Wendell Phillips, pouring itself along *immenso ore?* Where the ripe and beautiful culture of George W. Curtis? Where a Clay, with his electric fire and impassioned eloquence? Where a Webster, calm, grand, majestic, sitting on the loftiest peaks of Olympus, darting lightnings and rolling thunders? Where the splendid rhet-

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oric and sparkling oratory of Thomas Francis Meagher? Where the equal of the daring, bold and unflinching Sheridan, chivalrous as Bayard and of colossal brain like Kleber—the intrepid out-speaker of truth, the eager, impetuous redresser of wrong and the passionate lover of the Union? Would to God that this gallant soldier were at the head of his fiery countrymen on the hill of Tara, that he might confront the mercenaries of Britian upon the curragh of Kildare,

> "With a hundred yards,
> And England's guards,
> Drawn up to meet us there."

Or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the country and over the world, blessing and delighting mankind by their works, inventions and examples! In so far as we know, there is no such parallel to be produced in the same time from the annals of self adulating England. The history of Britain presents no parallel to the rapidity with which our present distinguished Chief Magistrate has gradually advanced from the humblest calling to the occupancy of the first position in the world!

We commemorate to-day the abolition of the monstrous crime of American slavery. Thank God the great and guilty system of slavery has perished forever. Let it be buried with all its horrors and barbarities in the grave! let it fade forever from the recollection of man. The proclamation of liberty to four million captives has rolled away a great reproach from us, and withdrawn a most serious obstacle to our progress. Let the world call it the extravagance of charity, or the romance of equity, it was a magnificent spectacle. It was a glorious day—a day in which years of shame and oppression were blotted out—a day in which a long despised and trampled race sprung into the grand proportions of free men—a day in which the armies of the Union halted on their march, looked toward the White House and blessed the beautiful prediction of a splendid era. That page of history can never make us blush. That lofty deed can never shame us. It was the resurrection of the great nation

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founded by the fathers. It was the awful march of Justice—it was the majestic front of philanthropy frowning down oppression; it was the sublime embodiment of Right treading down the plots and schemes of the lords of the cotton bales and rice swamps; it was Freedom clothing herself anew with the robes of '76, making her stately march through the arms and banners of a gallant people to open the prison doors of the enslaved and to consecrate a free republic. No more will an Englisn poet rebuke us.

"United States your banner wears
Two emblems, one of fame—alas the other that it bears reminds us of your shame;
Your standard constellation types white freedom by its stars,
But what is the meaning of those stripes? they mean your negro's scars!"

A man may be a serf in Russia, a peon in Mexico, a slave in Ireland, but here he is redeemed, disenthralled and free! Banded despots and kingly ruffians were taunting as that our power was laid low, that our voice was to be heard no more in the hymn of nations. The old empires were watching for the death and had made ready mourning weed and cypress wreath for the burial; they said that our sun had set forever! But Abraham Lincoln, the brightest of the bright and the purest of the pure, obeying the advice of the millions of the East and of the great Northwest, lifting his head above the tempest, wrote the immortal charter of universal emancipation. The Bourses of Europe were lost in wonder when they heard it. The crowned monarchs shook, and they talked no more of Columbia's faded greatness and prostrate might. Land of our fathers! land of benedictions! victorious hast thou been in battle; potential in negotiation; fruitful in benevolence; distinguished in art. But then was thy ascendant! Thy palm lifted itself to its tallest growth —thy glories culminated in that godlike act. The *edict of Freedom* has resounded through all nations of the earth. Millions have gazed upon it with devout joy and rapture. It has shook the thronedoms of tyranny, and has made the minions of slavery tremble. It has reverberated from empire to empire, from continent to continent, from hemisphere to hemisphere. The Laplander has heard it amid the regions of eternal snow; the European has heard it amid the

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fields and crowded cities of a refined and civilized population; the Arab and the Hindoo have heard it amid the gardens and spicy plains of Arabia; the peasantry in Wales, in England, in Scotland, in old Ireland, in Germany, and even the uncultured dwellers in Asia, have kindled with delight as they read the *Anthem of the Free.* It is recorded of Flammius, the Roman General, that when he proclaimed at the Isthmean games, that Greece was no longer tributary to the Roman empire, but free and independent, that the hearts of the plebians were so overpowered with joy that they could scarce believe their own cars, for when the herald proclaimed their liberty, they desired that the sweet word liberty might be repeated.

"O, catch its high import, ye winds as ye blow—
O, bear it, ye waves, as ye roll
From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow
To the farthest extremes of the pole,
And wherever the footsteps of man can be found,
May he bind the decree to his heart."

What a splendid epoch does this grand deed constitute in the annals of the government. The President was called to a difficult and perilous position, his influence extending over a broader land than the Roman eagle ever swept in all the magnificence of his flight. By this crowning act of moral duty the Springfield lawyer was silently lifted up before the nations as God's greatest, noblest man. His name hereafter will be emblazoned in the vast pantheon of Freedom's champions. How just and beautiful the eulogy of Meagher in one of his splendid orations, distinguished by a lofty eloquence, when he described the assassinated President going to Heaven, bearing in his hand the broken shackles of four millions of slaves!

In our changeful sky—where so many glories at sudden intervals succeed the eclipse and the storm—where crimson clouds for years and years will float over a wilderness of martyr graves—where sunshine comes by fits and starts, chasing those clouds away, and, for a season, warms the shivering earth below into fruitfulness and joy—in this, our changeful sky, we call that name our brightest star. On his brow it may be said with much more truth than of the Ro-

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man General, "*Anneixut Africa Lauros.*" Though destitute during life of art and pomp, yet his was a radiant life and a noble death, and as he took his place among the immortals one might say, "Way, there, for the brave child of the people, the grand hero of to-day. Servant of the Republic, well done—take your crown and harp and enter into the joy of your Lord."

I am hopeful of the Republic. Struck down in the morning of its bright career—in the bloom and promise of its youth—yet it shall live purified and strengthened by the afflictions through which it has passed. The principles of Liberty shall never die, but like the words of the prophets, they shall endure forever. It is not easy to conquer a freedom-loving people; it is not easy to tear from a great nation the honors which they have worn for so many years. Our mission is not yet completed. The dearest and most precious hopes of the race are interwoven with our existence. The predictions of prophecy applied to us, demonstrate clearly and strongly that the grand design of the Republic is to destroy all systems of monarchical Government, and to propogate the principles of liberty to the ends of the earth. The London *Times* in 1861 gravely declared that the United States was only suited for fair weather, and not for dark tempests. The British government was unmasked, driven from her position of neutrality, and showed herself the ferocious monster that she has always been. The heart of every aristocrat was glad. Since the days of Waterloo no more welcome tidings reached them than when they heard the mad secession of the Southern States. Rawdon declared in the Commons, that the thunder cloud had vanished—that the bubble democracy had burst. Lord Russell stated at an agricultural banquet that the North was fighting to enslave the South. The hoary headed Brougham averred that the object of the war was infamous; and Palmerston amidst the resounding cheers of Parliament, denounced the slashing Butler—the black man's friend—to be a monster. Have these aristocratic ruffians forgot that republics are more vigorous in war than in peace? It is prosperity and not adver-

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sity that is most dangerous to them. It was not in peace, that Holland from a community of clod hoppers, sprung up into the robust proportions of a great nation—renowned in art, in learning, in commerce and in glory. The Roman republic endured for four hundred and sixty-six years, during which time it ruled the world. Switzerland is now five hundred and fifty years old, and still the Little Giant of the Alps bears aloft above the haughtiest heads of Europe amid the lightnings and the eagles of her mountains, the excelsior banner of Republicanism.

Already our success in the squelching of the slaveholder's rebellion, is finding a response in the hearts of millions who wait impatiently for the universal triumph of liberty. The Irish uprising has taken place as a result of our triumph. The present is the brightest period which the history of Ireland has exhibited for a hundred years. And it seems as if the hopes of the patriots of Ireland are soon to be realized. The work of Irish emancipation is gradually and silently going forward, and the peculiar advantages for successfully realizing such an end as the powerful Fenian Brotherhood affords, will tend to a consummation so long desired—so perseveringly sought by Wolf Tone, and his com-patriots.

"The splendor of her Emmett's fame,
Is Erin's glory and her shame;
Her glory that he loved her well,
Her shame that unavenged he fell,
But soon or late that shame must cease,
Or Erin ne'er again may hope for peace."

Distant and beloved Isle—the land of Grattan, of Moore, of Sheridan, of Curran, of Corcoran, of Meagher, and of the great hearted Burke, we hope to see thee again in commercial grandeur, thy magnificent rivers again white with the sails of your trade; thy great warehouses swarming with life—thy manufactories, the laboring places of thousands—and thy Green Flag flying in the breeze, giving indications that Ireland is free!

I take hope from the generous sympathies extended to us by the masses of Europe. Among the nations that surround us, there is not one virtuous bosom that does not beat for us, the prayers of down trodden millions followed our ban-

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ners into the field; and the arms of the patriot soldier was blessed by voices that never reached his ear.

A dear and valued friend of mine, who served with distinction through the first three years of the war, fired by a love of liberty, crossed the ocean and engaged in the struggle for Ireland, that fine old nation, for whose independence Gratton plead and Emmett died—he was cast into prison, and he assured me some time ago, that when he heard the news boys crying through the streets of Dublin, "The North is victorious, Lee's army has surrendered," that he felt the chains on his body grow a little lighter. Thank God that generous voices in all lands were with us—from Ireland to Greece there was but one national throb. It beat for us. Hungary, the land of Kossuth, the beautiful and gifted Italy, noble Poland, the emancipated Serfs, they cheered us in the struggle. Ireland, sitting like a widowed Queen amidst the wreck of former glories, fought our battle. The presence of her Fenian men, drilling on the hills by night, did more to check the British Lion than all the diplomacy of Seward and Adams. I have said that the heart of every Lord and crowned ruffian wished our overthrow. Have their predictions been fulfilled? Is the Union gone? And has that mighty nation which the sword of Washington evoked, passed away? No, this splendid temple of freedom having the stars of the Union for its coronet, and the Rock of Independence for its footstool, must stand until the first growl of the gathering shall be heard, announcing the downfall of all thrones. The efforts of the rebels at home, and foes abroad, fell short of their terrible aim. They might as well strike against the Heavens with their arms, as lift them against the American Union:

"As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Between the ocean and the land,
As long as yonder firs shall spread,
Their green arms round the mountain's heads,
So long shall these cliffs and mountains be,
Proud retreats for liberty."

And while inflexibly demanding that the Reconstruction measures of Congress shall be heartily and promptly accepted by those recently in rebellion, let us also be magnani-

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mous towards a brave, but mistaken people. They have proved themselves foemen worthy of our steel—they stand before the world as the most masterly revolutionists of any age or history. Let us attach these erring brethren to the Union, not by fear, but by the golden links of gratitude. Any other terms than those proposed by Grant in the surrender of Lee, will overshadow the National cause with opprobrium, and cast a cloud on the brilliant fame of the grand army of the Republic.

General Lee, with the truthfulness and independence of a great soldier, as he unquestionably is; General Johnston, whose sword was invoked at the last moments to save the drowning banners of the South; Generals Longstreet, Beauregard and Thompson—these, and others equally distinguished in the South, have heartily acquiesced in the issues of the late struggle, and with the good faith and frankness of brave soldiers, are now earnestly and sincerely engaged in co-operating with the Washington authorities to repair the breaches of the war. In behalf of the brave men who fought and conquered I vehemently repudiate all ideas of confiscation, of making an Ireland or a Poland of the South, but on the other hand, raptuously hail and welcome the South as one of the wealthiest and noblest sections of the American Union. The war being over, let there be no thorns planted where the olive has taken root. In a divine sacrament of forgiveness, love and patriotism, let us dedicate this beautiful and superb domain to the growth of a stalwart Democracy, to the everlasting brotherhood of those who had been foes upon the battlefield, to the triumphant reign of industry, and to truthful and glorious peace. Let us indulge the hope that the erring stars now dimmed and darkened, will one by one re-appear until the old constellation flashing out in all its ancient splendor on the night again shall blaze, the pride and glory of the sky.

When I look abroad I am encouraged, and when I look at home, my spirits are exalted. The reconstruction measures of the 39th Congress, and the grand enthusiasm of the people for equal rights and universal suffrage—these are omens that

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better and brighter times will yet break on our land. To the immortal honor of the great Union party of the country, be it said in spite of opposition from a thousand sources, it has conferred upon the black man the inestimable and God given right of suffrage. You, my black friends, have voted in the past. You voted in that golden era of the Republic —during the revolution, the illustrious Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson walked up to the polls and deposited their votes in companionship with your fathers.

In five New England States, and in New York, your race have been voting ever since. In such Southern States as Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, during the years of 1832, 18-35, and 1838, negroes voted.

Your enemies say that you are too ignorant to use the ballot; there is one thing you do know, the difference between a grey and blue coat. Well, this charge of ignorance comes with very poor grace, from a party of politicians who have always been connected with the most uncultivated voters of the country. In Ohio, my State, there was a shining apostle of the copper head democracy, who was very much aroused when the Freedmen's Bureau bill passed Congress. He exclaimed to a Republican neighbor, "Have you heard the news that the Black Republicans have passed a bill giving to every negro a Bureau, and I have been married twenty-five years and have none yet."

All the black man asks is an open field and a fair fight. There is a story which illustrates his present position. It was in 1776, when the American army lay encamped at Morristown, that a young foreigner presented a himself to General Washington with an introduction from Benjamin Franklin.

"What do you seek here?" inquired the commander-in-chief. "To fight for liberty!" replied the young man. "What can you do?" "Try me!" was the answer. Washington took him at his word. He was tried and rose to the rank of General. Having fought for our Independence, he re-crossed the ocean and returned to his home. Americans, you can never forget him, for among the hills at West

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Point, overlooking the Hudson, a marble cenotaph still stands to commemorate the gratitude of the people he served so well. His name was Thaddeus Kosciusko.

As he once stood before Washington, so now the blacks now stand before the United States and the nations of Christendom, claiming recognition at their hands. To the African race, recently emancipated, as to Kosciousko, the same questions are put, and the same rnswers are given. "What do you seek here?" "To vote, fight, and, if need be, to die for Liberty." "What can you do?" "Try me. By all my recent sorrows, by the wrongs I have suffered, by the bloody agonies which I have endured, by the fidelity with which I have preserved the immortal hope of final deliverance, by my friendship for the Union soldiers, by the fearful odds against which I have contended, by what I have done. and suffered, ye nations of the earth, try me!"

This is what the black man claims. It is right that he should enjoy equal rights before the law as well as the haughtiest slave-lord that walks the earth.

By their desperate fidelity to the fortunes of the nation, in many a fierce tempest of the war, a fidelity all the more heroic that they fought in chains, and with the devotions of martyrs repaid with torrents of generous blood, the proscription and wicked bondage in which under the Stars and Stripes, they had been for generations held; by their desperate fidelity and splendid soldiership, such as Fort Wagner and Port Hudson, gave to their bayonets an irresistible electricity, the black heroes of the Union army are not only entitled to liberty, but to citizenship; and the politician who would deny them the rights for which their wounds and glorified colors so eloquently plead, is unworthy to participate in the grandeur of the nation, which these heroes did so much to vindicate.

Your rights and privileges as citizens, my friends, will be most intelligently, vigilantly and gallantly maintained by the fearless commander of this District, Gen. D. E. Sickles; who, on the field as well as in the Legislative halls of the country, has proved himself an accomplished soldier and a wise statesman.

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The black heroes are entitled to all the emoluments of citizenship. It is for us to recall the devotion, the courage, and the sublime heroism this proscribed race has displayed during the rebellion. Have we not all one father? The same essential elements alike of physical, intellectual and moral being, enter into the composition of his nature; the same heavens are spread over him, the same moon measures his monthly periods, and the same revolutions of the globe bear him onward to his future and eternal destiny. Is he not then, my neighbor, my equal in all the essentials of humanity?

A word and I am done. I speak to you to-day, my respected auditors, in the interest of and in behalf of that organization with which the proudest recollections of the last five years have been identified.

This magnificient National party, though young in years, is old in precious memories, hallowed associations, and unfading glories. Stand by it, for it has sent eighteen hundred thousand brave men to the field to fight for the Republic.

Stand by it, for it, has expended four thousand million dollars to save our country from dishonor and death. Stand by the grand army of the Union, the pride and beauty of which are imperishably blended with the sudden blaze of victory that arose above Fort Donelson, and then traveled in unwavering lines of glory through the storm that shook the earth at Chattanooga, at Atlanta, and at Richmond. Stand by the Union party, for its triumph is the triumph of patriotism, the triumph of heroism, the triumph of Democracy, and the triumph of that nationality which the stars and stripes so splendidly symbolize.

Arise, then ye loyal men, arise! This is the hour when individual manhood is worth all the arts and science of diplomacy. By your love of this great land, by the stern memory of your wrongs, come and rally round the grand army of freedom, whose standard breasts the northern air, led on by the great Captains of undying fame.

The people are the millions and irresistable. The copperheads of the North and their friends in the South are but the

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units to be scattered before us, like a single hunter before the whole forest at bay. They can stand before us no more than the grass before the lava—the brushwood against the avalanche. There is no neutrality in this crisis. You must choose your sides and choose quickly. If you love slavery, stripes and dishonor—if you are prepared to abandon your liberty—join the enemies of the Republic.

If you love justice—if your heart warms at ths memories of this dear land—if it swells with the hope of her deliverance and her glory, God bless you; your side is with the country—your rank is beneath the Stars and Stripes We make our appeal in the name of your country—in the name of all heroic virtues—of all that makes life illustrious and and death divine—in the name of your dead comrades—by your martyrs in prison cells and felon-chains—in the name of God and man—by the listening earth and watching Heavens, I call upon you to be staunch, to be firm, to be united. As you listen to those weak words of mine, and as your eyes grow dim with tears, as the memory of your wrongs rushes upon your souls, even now lift up your right hand to Heaven and swear by your undying souls—by your hope of immortality—that henceforth your services will be linked with the party of universal liberty. Gather round the standard of your chiefs—one bold—one decisive move—one moment to take breath, and then a rising—a rush—a charge from the East, North, West and South upon the enemies of the Republic, and the country is ours. Do your eyes flash? Do your hearts throb at the prospect? Be Union men and this fair land, which affrights the angels with its misery, will be one grand temple in which we shall kneel as brothers—children of one God—heirs together of those blessings purchased by the blood of gallant men—a heritage of freedom, justice independence, glory!

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